

Editorial
ARE WE LOSING OUR
DISTINCTIVENESS?

The trend these days is to become a member of the crowd, to be like the average person. Most of us like to think of ourselves as being average college girls. Sometimes we justify our academic work by saying, "well, I'm an average student; that's all I want."

In our social and personal relationships, we hear so many girls saying, "Other girls do thus and so; so can I. College girls everywhere else do these things; why shouldn't I do them at Meredith?" But should we strive to do those things that everyone else is doing? Should Christian young people yearn to be average? Shouldn't we want to be above the average? Since Meredith is a church-related college, it seems that one should be able to see the difference in the conduct of Meredith girls and of other college girls. If an outsider were to spend some time on our campus, would she be able to detect any difference in our student body as a whole from another girls' school that wasn't church-related? The observer might notice that our standards are set higher, but would she be able to see this standard in the attitude and conduct of the Meredith girl?

Each year more and more laws and regulations are being amended or done away with. The new regulations permit more freedom. Is this freedom going to be the cause of lower standards and conduct on the part of Meredith girls? Certainly, we should seriously consider the effect before we propose new regulations. The overthrow of many of these laws is tending to make Meredith girls more like the average girl. Most of us seem to like this. We like it because we are afraid of society. We are afraid that our friends from W. C. and E. C. will laugh at us when we tell them that we are allowed to do only certain things; we are afraid of the comments our Carolina and State friends will make when we tell them we have to be in at a certain time at night.

Meredith girls have been different

in the past, and it is my opinion that they should remain that way. We know that the Christian life calls for living above the average, on a higher plane. If we are the Christians we should be,

we won't mind being different. We should be proud that we are different, that we are not in the average group, if it is the Christian way to be otherwise.
Nancy Hall.

Bobbye's
Banter

Heigh-ho-vacation, Spring holidays are here. Also term papers, projects, recitals, student-teaching problems, and what not. I trust everyone is caught up—if not, now is the time to put on grey-haired looks.

Congratulations to new officers—it was a really a hard choice in most cases—of course, the nominating committee slipped up in giving us only one candidate for two offices. I realize they had a difficult time in choosing, but out of 600 girls I can't help feeling there was more than one qualified person for each place. Perhaps no one was disturbed except me, but I dislike being forced into a vote. I like the girls fine, but it's the idea of no choice that displeases me. And too, the students had the right to petition, but the committee picked such an excellent slate for the other officers. *Surely* they could have found just two more capable persons! At any rate we had a fine slate! More congratulations to new Silver Shield members and K.N.S. honorees.

Well, sir! I wish you could see yourselves during chapel time lately. I had heretofore listened to Pat's expounding on bad chapel behavior with half an ear, but several times recently I have peeked during the prayer—all I can say is I hope no one else peeked, especially guests—too bad that man took pictures, but it's good that he didn't show them, so the students could see those who were putting on coats, flipping pages of books, and whispering to their neighbors.

If you see a pink cloud wandering around campus with a body under it, it's my suitemate Barbara Propst (who has seen Merle for the first time in eight months!). Please return her to 222 Vann.

No—it's not a new homo species—these blushing bits of walking beets are only the members of Meredith's Royal Order of Sun Worshipers!

Plug: If you have any extra summers on your hands, girls, why not try the new refreshing summer-spenders—sold exclusively to students by colleges—i.e., summer school. Ah, come on now—it's not half bad—ask anyone who's tried one.

From Shakespeare to the dining hall: "O throw away the worse part of it!"

To the lovelorn: "For looks love and love by looks reviveth . . ."

To the change Dean's list requirement rumor:

"Much ado about nothing."

To strugglers of math problems: "O cursed 'spite, that ever I was born to set it right."

To empty heads at test time: "And I must pause till it come back to me."

To receivers of test grades: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

To graduating seniors: "It gives me wonder great as my content."

To freshmen: "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace to the last syllable."

To me: "O, fie, fie, fie!"
Golly, I'm sorry!

There must be some gossip or something worth saying, but I can't think of it for the life of me.

And so, in the words of Einstein (for I have none)
"This is the end."

Letters . . .

Dear Editor:

Recently we observed the week that is set aside each year for particular emphasis on religion. This time of emphasis holds a unique place on our campus because it gives us an opportunity to re-think our ideas and actions concerning Christianity. It is good that we should do this because we become surrounded by so many other pressures of college life that often our relationship to religion is pushed into the background, and yet it is perhaps a sad indictment on our lives if it requires a special week for us to give attention to that which can make living so meaningful.

If we think of our theme for Religious Emphasis Week, "What Doest Thou Here; . . .?", we may be forced to re-evaluate our emphases. What is the most important thing in my life? Why was I placed here at all? In the light of such questions we begin to wonder about ourselves.

Perhaps my focus is wrong, or maybe I am failing to be equal to what my opportunities have made me able to be. I am often tempted to put off until another time the reaching for my ideals. It is extremely easy for me to be careless in living up to what I represent.

This leads us to examine the value of Religious Emphasis Week and to realize that it has no place as a sudden spurt of energy that soon collapses. The only way in which it can be effective is for each of us to look at ourselves in comparison with the ideals that our acceptance of Christianity demands of us and to find in this special week more devotion to them and more courage in growing toward them.

Sincerely,
Brooksie McGee

Dear Editor,

Meredith College needs to have a more balanced academic life in the dormitories. Yes, I intend to preach, although my own academic record seemingly denies me that privilege. With much sobriety, I realize that the temptation to forego serious academic work in lieu of lesser gods is sometimes overwhelming. These momentary lapses are opium to the serious purpose for attending college . . . to receive a liberal arts education. I join many others who believe that the dormitory atmosphere in which we live is doing much to kill academic growth. Please do not think I set myself above anyone else with these ideas. Rather, I attempt to speak of the stumbling blocks that hinder us all, from receiving the full benefits of academic life.

Walk in a room—any room—more than likely my room. Four or five girls are sprawled on the bed. What are we talking about? An editorial in the *News and Observer*? What the speaker said in chapel? A new poem that particularly appealed to us? Heavens, don't be so archaic. Class is over, thank goodness. Remember the chorus, "Hark the Meredith angels shout, twelve more days and we'll be out?" The feeling prevails most of nine months in an academic year. If studies are the topic of conversation, a moan from one of our fellow disciples of learning will issue. If a teacher is mentioned, often we're wondering idly about her past love life. Yes, we like to study sometimes. Somehow, though the radio, the gay bulletin boards, pictures of boys, and the company of others like ourselves who are enslaved in mediocrity, find the atmosphere in which we live void of academic vitality.

Rarely is actual enjoyment on one's own cultivated in a dormitory room. Required work is enough, we think. In no way do we broaden ourselves in personal educational growth—all on our

own. If we do, we find no one with whom to share it. Poetry is rarely discussed for the sheer enjoyment of poetry. If a suitemate is artistically minded, she knows better than to attempt a discussion on Humanism in Renaissance Art. If a roommate enjoys Bach, let her listen to it for two hours and the suite *might* listen patiently, but usually no one shares her enthusiasm.

And of course all of this unconcern hinders a main objective of Meredith College—to teach its students to speak fluently and expressively. That is a main benefit of education. "You see, dear reader, I sorta look at it this way. I mean—well, you know, it's hard to make the point I'm driving at to a buncha stoo-dents. Well, okay, I'll start over." We are missing the aim of education, when you consider that the use of one's native tongue is a yardstick used to measure academic growth.

None of us are nitwits; we wouldn't be at Meredith if we were. Few of us are geniuses. Of the rest of us, some study diligently for the dull purpose of passing tests and making high marks. Some really don't care. Others of us care very much, but we are hopelessly led off the track by dormitory atmosphere and narrow interests which we share with our fellow students. Since we often miss the deep thrill of real academic study—of digging hard to find an answer to a problem not necessarily required, or putting one's heart to task with lines of poetry that are difficult to translate—we follow the line of least resistance. Sincerely, we become members of a class that confide in one another that "Education isn't just books! No sir! We gotta learn to get along with people."

Only we, ourselves, can do anything about the problem. Unfortunately, most of us acquire this maturity when we're past college age. Then we find that the boy of our dreams *isn't* enough, our job *isn't* enough—nor is the fulfillment of all our college dreams enough—when a mind lies stagnant from lack of use. Perhaps someday we'll realize the great treasures unfolding around us in having the keenest intellect of the ages preserved and available for us. In the meantime, let's gripe about those boring chapel speakers and those boring required concerts. And those classroom buildings are terrible, aren't they?

Sincerely,
A Student



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In Your Easter Bonnet . . .